24.0.P

Our Christmas Gift Pen—Had your's yet? See Page 13.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 600. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1917. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

1529364

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

HAIG'S NEXT SURPRISE

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

A Soldier's Call

Send me some KHAKI

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

See that the name **EXCELDA** is upon every handkerchief. You can buy them from any Draper or Outfitter.

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Then Annabel had a brain wave—

"All those places are too dear," she said. "I know where we'll go for our furniture—to the 'Midland.'" And we did.

Believe me, there's not a place in the Kingdom that can touch the "Midland" for genuine sterling value. You've only to compare their plainly marked prices with what you would be asked to pay elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality; and you'll see for yourself how true it is that

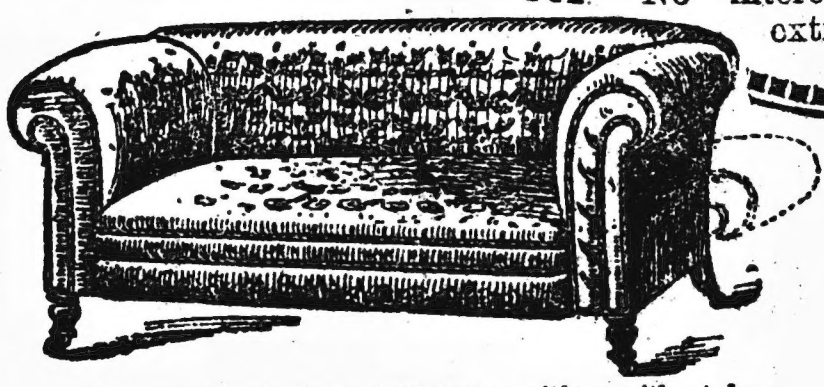
Money buys more at the 'Midland'

Even in these days of "shortages" the "Midland" give you £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to select from. You will be simply astounded at the variety of choice. And when you've found exactly what you want, you get it at the bedrock, bargain price. If you prefer to pay cash, you secure 10% discount. If you decide to furnish out of income, "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to pay at your own convenience. No interest is charged — no extras whatever.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £0	5 6
£20 - 0	11 0
£30 - 0	16 6
£40 - 1	2 0
£50 - 1	7 6
£100 - 2	15 0
£200 - 5	10 0
£500 - 13	15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.



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An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at **£4 14s. 6d.**

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Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
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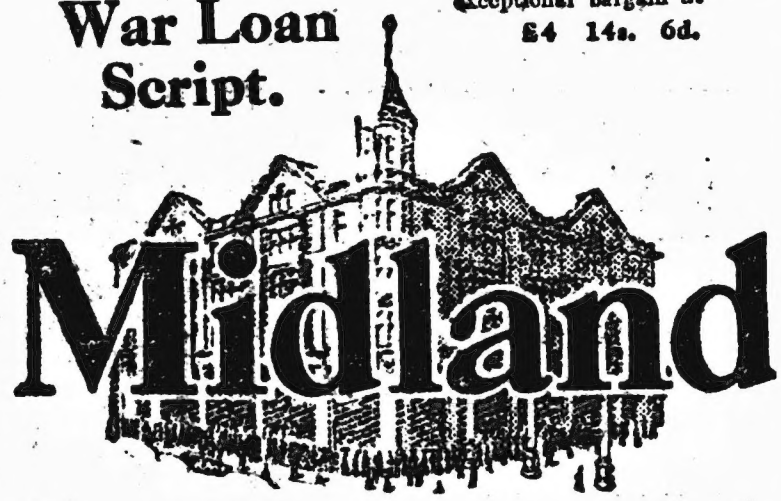
Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**



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Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. Insist on the genuine POND'S Extract, the purity and strength of which are guaranteed by its 70 years' reputation. Sold by all Chemists in sealed bottles at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d. and 5s. Book of "First Aid" directions with every bottle.

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Stephens' Ink

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Soft and Smooth to the Palate
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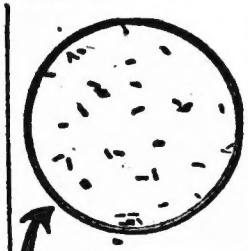


The Bacillus Influenzæ, which is responsible for all cases of Influenza —from a micro-photograph taken at our Runcorn Bacteriological Laboratories.

Scientific Aid in the Prevention of Disease.

Bacteriologists have found that the microbes answerable for ailments of the throat and lungs always enter the system by way of the mouth and throat. When danger threatens in cold or wet weather, take

EVANS' Pastilles

The effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, etc.

The unique antiseptic properties of Evans' Pastilles strengthen the vocal cords, allay and prevent irritation of the throat, and loosen any mucous secretion which may be present.

TRENCH ODOURS. Evans' Pastilles are splendid for preventing the unpleasant effects resulting from trench odours, and are excellent for Service conditions. Send a tin to the Front.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or post free from the makers. **1/3** per tin.

EVANS SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, LTD., 56, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

(W.3.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 15.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 600. Week ending Saturday, December 1st, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

A Kitchener Echo.

Wouldn't it have been just a little more generous if the Prime Minister, when first putting forward his plea for an Allied War Council, had admitted his indebtedness to Lord Kitchener for the idea?

Rude to the High Command.

Apropos of our recent question, "Who are the liars?" the *Observer* hints that the answer is—they who are predicting an early peace. Very rude to the Western Command!

Proud Of It.

According to the *Birmingham Gazette*, we are "the favourite author of the 'men in Hell.'" And jolly proud of it, too!

Congratulations.

A Mr. C. C. Knight, of Finchley, has been writing to a local paper protesting against people being lectured in their duties by a man like ourselves, we having obtained whatever position we enjoy "by the exercise of our wits." May we congratulate Mr. Knight on being under no such necessity?

Italian Front.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. A. G. Hales—Prince of War Correspondents—has received permission to go out to the Italian Front as special representative of this journal, and in view of dramatic developments pending in that theatre of war, our readers may look forward to some interesting articles from his powerful pen.

A Silly Notion.

There is practical unanimity in the Conventional Press that to tell the nation it is winning is to make it relax its efforts. Whoever heard such rot? Did you ever know of a boxer's seconds saying to him between the rounds, "Keep it up, old chap, you're going to get a rare hiding"? The real tonic is, "Stick it; you've got him whacked."

Our Tonic.

It is the same with the public. Here is a letter from a lady in Hove, typical of those we receive after every meeting we address: "I must write and thank you for the splendid tonic you prescribed for us. The nation owes you a debt of gratitude for the splendid manner in which you have kept up our spirits. You should hear what my son, just returned from Flanders, said." Our advice to all our patients is "The mixture as before."

A Clerical Patient.

Here is another illustration. This time it is the Rev. J. C. Carlisle, of Folkestone: "I would rather have JOHN BULL and his blunders than some of my friends and their tears."

Those Enemy Princes.

We don't remember having seen any report of the Royal Assent being given to that Bill. Why the delay?

The Zionists.

If all the Jews go back to Palestine, who will there be to lend us money when we are hard up?

A Peace Pointer.

The big lawyers are joining the Army! What more do you want than that?

The *D. T.s.*

What has come over the genial Lord Burnham to allow the *Telegraph* to tell us that "what we are facing now is the possibility of a victorious Germany"? These war rations *do* upset some people!

A Reader's Will.

Thus a Hampstead reader: "If I am knocked out before the end of this war, I leave to you my bank-book, containing £8, and £200 Air Raid Insurance, every penny to go to 'The Greatest of These' Fund." *That's* what we call real patriotism.

Wrong End of the Stick.

Sir Robert Kindersley, Chairman of the National War Savings Committee, has been urging people not to allow their money to rest idle in the Banks. But what about the Unclaimed and Dormant balances—for which there is *no* use, except to swell the fortunes of the bankers?

The Albert Tower.

The *Freethinker* still protests that we have not told the truth about that figure of the Madonna and Child hanging from the tower of Albert Cathedral, and gives us "an opportunity of stating the facts." That is just what we have done. We are not easily fooled in such matters.

The Old.

A proud little sister sends us for perusal a letter from her brother in France, and here is an extract: "It was some affair. I found a copy of JOHN BULL with 'Give 'em Hell' on the cover. I stuck it up on the trenches where we had to go over, and we did give it them, too. I laid four out." Happy sister!

In the Affirmative.

The Rev. W. A. Powicke, of Clayton West, near Huddersfield, in his Parish Magazine, says that "a mind fed on spicy pars. and sensations from JOHN BULL and the Sunday papers cannot appreciate a good book, lecture or sermon." He then tells his faithful flock that "lecturing and preaching were never better than they are to-day," and asks, "Am I not right?" The answer is in the affirmative—he *is* "not right."

Air Raids! Protect yourself by signing our Free Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover.

A Trench Tonic.

High up, on a tree, on the way to the trenches, is one of our old posters, "Stick it, Lads"—and, says a Tommy, "I can honestly say that it used to put new life into us."

Germany and India.

German Bolos are hard at work spreading sedition in India, and Mrs. Annie Besant—recently released from internment, is being exploited for all—and much more than, she is worth.

The Modern Ephesus.

That was a good story, told by a Bishop the other day, of the little girl who began an essay on "Wild Beasts" thus: "There are no wild beasts in England, except in the Theological Gardens." But the war is taming most of *them*.

Germhun *sans* French.

Why is it that in the Secondary Schools of Wallsend-on-Tyne, managed under County Council Regulations, Germhun is taught but French is not? And is this grossly invidious *kultur* common to the Secondary Schools throughout the whole of Northumberland?

Coming Round.

Halloa, look at this—and in the pages of *Common Sense*, too! "We do indeed agree with Mr. Bottomley that there is hope of peace, and that there ought to be peace by Christmas." But Lord Northcliffe says the war is just beginning. Alfred the Great was always a sad man.

Food Economy.

Here is the menu of a recent Masonic dinner at the White Hart Hotel, Romford:—"Oysters; Oxtail Soup, Tomato Soup; Boiled Turbot, (Sauce Hollandaise), Fried Soles (Sauce Maitre d'Hotel); Chicken Cutlets; Roast Saddle of Mutton, Roast Sirloin of Beef, Yorkshire Pudding; Punch à la Romaine; Roast Pheasant; Macedoine of Fruit, Swiss Creams; Dessert; Coffee." Wines, Spirits and Liqueurs were, we presume, extras.

Over the Line.

Not only is it the Government which is enamoured of red tape; affection for it abounds in the bosoms of provincial fire brigades. When seven stacks, one of new wheat, were ablaze at Coates, near Cottam, the Retford Fire Brigade was called. It failed to respond, "owing to certain Regulations." Presumably those Regulations related to a parish boundary line, for it seems that country firemen would see their mothers burn to death across the road, if the parish boundary lay between them.

Good Riddance!

The wholesale resignation of the Advisory Shipbuilding Committee is not a matter for regret. With two exceptions, all the members were shipbuilders, and they apparently strongly disapproved of General Collard, the Controller of Auxiliary Shipping, opening three national shipyards. The body which is now apparently passing away made a most unholy mess of the so-called standard ships—so the country is indebted to General Collard for the clean sweep.

In Direct Contrast.

Patients in Durham County Hospital suffer because of defects in the heating apparatus, and some Controller refuses materials for repairs. Less than thirteen miles distant, a German internment camp has been fitted with hot-water service for baths, lavatories, etc., without apparent limit of expense or material—all to be scrapped later. But that is for the coddling of the dear enemy, for love of whom our own kith and kin will surely be happy to freeze in their hospital beds.

The Birth Rate.

Again we direct attention to this matter. In the poorer districts of London the rate of births is 26 per thousand, whilst in Kensington it is under 10. In other words, they who can best afford families are not having them. What about a Ministry for Babies?

Wanted—A Food Controller.

There ar any number of alleged Food Controllers; what is now wanted is a few Waste Controllers. For instance, it was reported at the Dover Health Committee the other day that a ton-and-half of onions from the Army canteens had been destroyed as unfit for human food. We haven't a doubt that every day in this country tons on tons of good food go to waste because nobody checks the wasters. Sir Arthur Yapp's speeches assuredly won't do so.

An Easy One.

A little lesson in Applied Economy comes from the provinces. Put it like a sum at school:—A lady chauffeur is paid by the Army 35s. weekly. There is a soldier to clean the car, another to do running repairs, and a third as Orderly for her hut; each man is paid 15s. 2d. a week. Before the lady arrived, one soldier did the whole of the work for 15s. 2d. weekly. State how much is saved by the present arrangement.

Shortage?

If there is a shortage of paper, as officially alleged, how is it that one W. M. Crow, of 6, Bramley Hill, Croydon, is allowed to use enough of it to distribute to soldiers, in a foolscap envelope, his five-page quarto screed inquiring about the state of their souls and their chances of going to heaven? How is it so many fussy pietists address this sort of stuff to soldiers? Why don't they work it off on Cabinet Ministers, Food Controllers and profiteers?

"Lights Out, Admiralty!"

When the Masters of British ships drop anchor at night in certain home ports, all is dark aboard. It happens not infrequently that alleged Neutral ships anchor shortly afterwards and show lights which, a Master Mariner assures us, are visible on dark nights ten miles away at sea. It is quite unnecessary to show these lights, as nothing comes to anchor after dark. To save "accidents," the Admiralty, through the home port officials, should insist on all lights out.

From Buckingham Palace.

This is anonymous—exactly as we have received it and written on notepaper bearing the Royal Arms over the heading, "Buckingham Palace." "Dear Sir,—There are still 24 men employed here who are being kept out of the Army. No wonder people talk. The King don't know. Three belong to the Office of Works. Why should I give my son? With best wishes for your good work, A Reader." Is it really true there are funkholes in the palace of the King?

Why Tea is Short.

The liner *Clan MacCorquodale* a short time ago left Chittagong with 60,000 chests of tea, or about five million pounds weight. The owners had arranged for her to come home *via* the Cape of Good Hope—a rather long, though safe, route, as had been proved by other vessels. However, the Admiralty ordered her to proceed *via* the Canal and Mediterranean—with the result that she was torpedoed. When *will* the bureaucrats cease to interfere in matters that they know very little or nothing about?

A Thousand Pounds for a Christmas Box. See page 16.

Straight Off the Reel.

A Harringay lady asks us to inform her how it is that Messrs. J. and P. Coats are making a profit of £3,360,950. Certainly. By religious devotion, the practice of Christian principles—and 4¾d. a reel.

Guardians to Go.

It is on the cards that the end of the war will also see the end of Poor Law Guardians. They ought to have been abolished long ago, for they have outlived their day. A Committee appointed by the Minister of Reconstruction is even now considering their fate. Few tears will be shed at their burial.

The Better 'Ole.

The *Daily Sketch*, apropos of the recent election of the new Lord Mayor, expresses the hope that he will not be told that his term of office is to be "Victory Year." "Let us keep out of the Bottomley pit of prophecy," it says—with rare originality of humour. Well, if our contemporary knows of a better 'ole—!

Rations: Latest Official.

A man of inquiring mind says he hopes we will excuse him for asking, but in the new Yapp rations does a sausage in its present form come into the category of bread or meat? Most modern sausages, like many modern dogs, are half bread; it therefore should stand to reason that a sausage counts as half bread and half meat.

Traitors in Leeds.

A number of complaints reach us concerning Sunday night meetings in Victoria Square, Leeds. By the orators the War Loan is publicly denounced as blood money, and one loud-voiced skunk does not hesitate to shout, "I love the Germans!" If Leeds cannot abate this nuisance for its own sake, let it do so for the sake of the lads lying helpless in the Infirmary.

Mystery.

On a recent day the wife of a carman spent two hours in a *queue* to get half-a-pound of sugar. A few days subsequently the husband had to deliver 2 cwt. of castor sugar to Mr. W. W. Webber, 78, Gloster Street, Pimlico, consigned to him by P. Lucas, Reigate. Will Mr. Webber or Mr. Lucas inform us why all this sugar went into one private house? Our curiosity is naturally aroused.

To the Manner Born.

It is announced that Mr. Hayden Coffin will play "The Mad Hatter" in the Christmas revival of "Alice in Wonderland." We have no doubt he will do it very well. But why put him to the trouble of studying the part when the "Conchy" sons of Dunn are available? Nature cast them for the part, and since they will not fight for England, let them amuse the kids at Christmas on the boards. They would not require to act.

"Following the Dear Old Dad."

It is not long since Mr. George Thompson, farmer, of Lutton March, Lincs., was fined £5,500 for potato profiteering. Now his hopeful son, Henry, also a farmer, of Dawsmere, Holbeach, South Lincs., has been brought before the same Bench of Magistrates who put his father's wind up, and has been fined £1,800 for a similar offence. It is a lot of money; but we do not think the punishment fits the crime, for it came out in his evidence that honest Henry had made Excess Profits beyond those permitted by the Potato Order to the tune of £2,143, thereby leaving him a snug little illicit gain of £343 after his fine was paid. When will our Great Unpaid begin to *punish* profiteers?

Moon Raids.

This week is full moon again, and air visitors are expected. We hope it is true that General French has a surprise in store for them.

More Mormons.

We read that Elders Haight, Perkins, McKay, Bergstrom, Looslie, Linford and Wilding, prominent Mormons, have arrived in London to start propaganda work, and are already at the Tabernacle at Stamford Hill. Sensible women will absent themselves from the congregation.

Why Not Discharged Men?

Apparently Mr. R. E. Prothero, Minister of Agriculture, has not heard that there are discharged soldiers. "The Food Production Department of the Board of Agriculture," he says, "requires at once 59 more women over 20 years of age and of some education, for motor-tractor work in England and Wales. Their wages when efficient will be 30s. weekly and a bonus." As this is obviously work admirably suited to many discharged soldiers, it is a positive scandal.

"The Last Time"—Perhaps!

Again giving us the place of honour in its editorial notes, the *New Age* hopes it may be "forgiven for mentioning Mr. Bottomley for the last time." We will try to forgive, but we can never forget, some of the things our brother has said about us. As thus: "From a war vulture he has changed to a peace-kite .... without an olive leaf in his bill."

No Children Wanted.

Letter sent in reply to application to rent a £30 house: "181, Church Street, Lower Edmonton, 14.11.17. Madam,—I beg to say that I am unable to entertain your application, for on no account will I have any children in the house. Yours truly, J. S. Baker." If nobody had let "J. S. Baker's" parents a house years ago, we wonder where he or she would have lived.

Wanted.

There's going to be an awful rush of the populace towards Portna unless they are careful, for "The Trustees of the lower Bann Navigation require the services of a Lock-Keeper for Portna Lock at a salary of £1 19s. a month, with free house." This advertisement is issued from Coleraine by the Secretary, so it must be genuine. He is advised to engage a policeman to hold back the crowd.

Two Banquets.

This from Southampton: "I have just been reading about the Lord Mayor's Banquet. I suppose it was a poor one for those who sat down to it, but I cannot describe my feelings as I sat reading the account and eating my breakfast of bread and margarine and tea without milk and sugar, and this after suckling a baby all night." Perhaps the Lord Mayor will now describe his feelings by sending this compulsory economist a large and luscious Christmas pudding.

Cross-Examination.

A Croydon reader has known a certain old lady for over fifty years. The other day she applied for an Old Age Pension. Presently the Pensions Officer came along, and after minute inquiries as to the state of her exchequer past, present, and future, he put these two posers: "Have you ever been in prison? Were you born in wedlock, or are you illegitimate?" Even so, there is one thing for which we should feel grateful. He did not ask to see her birthmarks.

£1,000 for a Christmas Box.

For full particulars, see page 16.

An Ideal Christmas Gift—the "JOHN BULL" Pen. See page 13.

GREATEST SCANDAL OF THE WAR.

SUR.-GENL. BABTIE SENT TO ITALY!—SEVERE PROFESSIONAL INDICTMENT.

SINCE our recent revelations as to the way in which Surgeon-General Babtie—the Mesopotamia culprit who was so severely castigated by the Commission of Inquiry—had been quietly restored to his former post, other journals (including *The Times* and the *Daily Mail*) have taken the matter up—whilst it has been a theme of general discussion throughout the medical profession. But the grave indictment we print below—by one of the very foremost doctors of the day, whose name is known throughout the world—reveals such amazing further scandals that the nation will undoubtedly insist upon an explanation from the Government of what, on the face of it, looks like a most wicked, callous and shameful flouting of the public conscience—and, at the same time, a grave insult to our troops, whose fate—this time on the Italian front—has once again been entrusted to such an Incompetent. *It must not be!* Babtie must be recalled. Read the indictment :—

Widespread Indignation.

"With regard to Sir William Babtie, you voice the sentiments and the indignation of the vast majority of our profession—probably of every single one, whether civilian or military, who knows the facts. I have talked with many, both among the seniors (including some Colonels of the R.A.M.C.) and the juniors, and have not found a single one who does not consider Babtie's reinstatement preposterous and the explanation tendered in reply to questions in the House of Commons ridiculous. Of course it is due entirely to the determination of his friend, Sir Alfred Keogh, to continue to play the part of the autocrat, as he has done ever since the war started, and to treat with contempt all criticism or suggestion. How can such a charge be justified? Simply by the fact that Sir Alfred has failed to call together the Advisory Board with which he is provided by the constitution of his department, and has refused to convene it in spite of the fact that it is still carried in the Army List, and the salaries of its civilian members are still paid by the State. This again is preposterous, and questions have been asked in the House of Commons, but the only answer vouchsafed is, that Sir Alfred consults the individual members of the Board when he sees fit, and does not consider that a meeting of the Board, as such, is required. This, of course, is no answer at all. Had the Board been in session, as it was before the war, and as its perpetuation in the Army List is intended to convey that it still is, there can be no doubt that most of the faults, both of omission and of commission, which have been brought home to his department, would have been avoided.

Three Grave Charges.

"What faults do I allude to? Several which have been publicly proved the moment an independent inquiry is brought to bear. For instance:—(1) *Mesopotamia*, where the medical break-down is clearly found by the Commission to be due to the want of prevision, energy and adaptability of this very man, Sir William Babtie, about whom you write. (2) *The Mismanagement of the Recruiting Boards.*—Before the House of Commons Committee, which inquired into this, Sir Alfred Keogh was convicted of having issued secret instructions, unknown to his superiors, that his minions were to pass men fit, if in their opinion they would be fit after a period of several months' training. (3) *The Extraordinary Want of Prevision* which has delayed till now the taking of any steps to prevent the shortage of doctors. It was obvious such a shortage was inevitable, as soon as the Army Medical Service took no steps to prevent the medical students being pushed into the combatant services, and the matter was taken up by the *Daily Telegraph* upwards of two years ago, but nothing was done. Directly a fresh mind is brought to bear upon this question, it is realised how foolish is the policy of thus wasting upon work for which they are not trained the batches of embryo medical men upon whom we must rely to fill the gaps in the Army Medical Service caused by casualties.

Thanks of the Profession.

"If you are not inundated with letters of thanks, it is because our profession is always shy of putting their names to paper in the public Press. The Press has been muzzled against them by the Army Medical Service, and in many other ways the dice have been loaded in favour of that Department—so that, conscious of its strength, it has perpetrated all sorts of enormities which have militated against the best efforts of our profession. In spite of this suborning of the Press—which, with considerable cleverness has been extended to most, but not all of the journals of the medical profession—a running fire of criticism has been maintained in such papers as the *World*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and most recently of all the *Welsh Outlook* of October, 1917; and there can be no manner of doubt that things are not, and never have been, as they should be with the administration of the medical service of our great Army.

Babtie's New Post.

"These publications have all been treated with contempt, and I am informed to-day that *your* allusions to the matter—so welcome to our profession—have given a well-deserved shake-up to the authorities at Adastral House, who for the moment have not made up their minds whether to hope that, by treating you also with contempt, they will again achieve their policy of secrecy, or whether they will 'go for' you under the Defence of the Realm Act, as they feel inclined to do. But whatever will you have to say when you know of the egregious appointment of Sir William Babtie to Italy, to represent our Army Medical Service? What verdict will you and the public pass upon the appointment, during the last few days, of this very man, Sir William Babtie—who was proved to have failed so egregiously to rise to the duties of his post when D.M.S. in India—to the very important job of *Medical Director of our Army in Italy?* Yet that is what has actually taken place—and a more preposterous bit of bluff was never tried. At Adastral House, serving as second in command to Sir Alfred Keogh, Sir William Babtie has made himself notorious to our profession for rudeness and tyranny—surely, just the very qualities which will do the maximum of harm, both professionally and internationally, in Italy. While such appointments in face of dereliction of duty are permitted, we can scarcely claim to have begun even to deserve to win this war."

A Challenge.

As regards the threat of proceedings against us, whether under the Defence of the Realm or any other Act, it leaves us "quite cold." Why not start them at once—with a dozen maimed and wounded soldiers from Mesopotamia, as jury? Surely, however, both Sir William Babtie—and also his patron-chief, Sir Alfred Keogh—know by this time that threats of legal action have no terror for us—when we are conscious that we are protecting the public and are sure of our facts. Wherefor, we await developments with composure, should the authorities be ill-advised enough to commence proceedings.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To F. Handel Booth, Esq., M.P.

SIR,—Certainly you showed that discretion which is often the better part of litigation when you decided not to go on with your appeal and to pay nearly £4,000 to the much-injured J. G. Gruban. I have no love for the enemy alien, but the jury found that you frightened that unfortunate man into resigning his position as joint Managing-Director of Haigh, Gruban and Co., of Oldham, by telling him that if he did not do so he would be interned. You also induced him to favour you for the Chairmanship by lying and misrepresentation. There is a good deal I could add as to your contemptible conduct, but I think your Pontefract constituents have by this time sized you up. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor Kneeshaw, Birmingham.

SIR,—Perhaps you will forgive my candour if I say that that speech of yours at Northampton the other day, at a meeting of the Independent Labour Party, deserves to be permanently recorded—in the Lunacy Department. It was as sad a specimen of pacifist piffle as it has lately been my lot to read. Your references to the British "annexation" of Egypt and other "torn-up treaties" were merely historical nonsense. I am quite worried about your state of mind. Let me know if there is any change. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. Lidderdale and Gillespie, Writers, Castle Douglas.

GENTLEMEN,—About that advertisement. We don't suspect *you* of being unpatriotic, but what of your client? It's clumsy, to say the least of it, when you're advertising for a tenant for the dwelling house, joiner's shop, and other buildings and farm offices, hay shed, &c., at Chapelton Row, to state, "A skilful joiner who has served his country not objected to." Not objected to, indeed! That stupid phrase has made my blood boil. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Alexander Waddle, Farmer, Higham-on-the-Hill.

DEAR FARMER,—Don't you think you were a little hasty in dragging those two disabled soldiers to the Hinckley Police Court on a charge of trespassing on your land? Of course, there was the usual statement that the men were "in pursuit of conies," but there was very little evidence of this, and what there was was so conflicting that the Magistrates dismissed the case. There are other things I might say, but I don't want to "rub it in." JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Alderman Morgan Hopkins, Swansea, Wales.

DEAR ALD.,—As you say, gallons of animal blood which go down the drains of every abattoir daily "could be used in the manufacture of sausage for our Germhun prisoners." Though not in the trade, I think that, with the help of the material you mention, I could make a sausage for any Germhun different from any he had ever had before. I'm not saying he would like it, but you can take it from me, Alderman, it would do him good. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor.

SIR,—I see you have chosen Councillor Benjamin Walter Gardner to be a J.P. for West Ham. You must know that Gardner is a peace crank, and the proud father of a Conscientious Objector—for he boasts of the fact in public. Don't you think it's pretty low down putting a man like that on the Bench? I hope the humour strikes you. A man who doesn't believe in fighting for his country will be able to send patriotic citizens to quod for getting on the windy side of the law! JOHN BULL.

To Clement Edwards, Esq., M.P.

DEAR MR. EDWARDS,—You have earned the gratitude of the small shopkeeping fraternity by your brilliant and ingenious exposure of the preposterous Lord's Day Observance Act of 1677. At Tenby the other day you applied for summonses against the local Station-Master, the Church Organist, the Rector and Churchwarden, and two newspapers in respect of their Monday editions printed on Sunday; and although the Bench refused your application, it served to demonstrate the absurdity of such proceedings. More power to your elbow. JOHN BULL.

To Percy Alden, Esq., M.P.

DEAR PERCY,—I see you have lately returned from a six months' lecturing tour in the United States, and from all I can hear you did not receive a very cordial welcome home from your constituents at Tottenham. For six months they have been unrepresented in the House of Commons; there has been no one to voice their views or to protect their interests. As they justly complain, you have never raised a finger for the more vigorous prosecution of the war, or for the better treatment of our soldiers and sailors. Yet I suppose you have drawn your salary all the time. Nice game, isn't it? JOHN BULL.

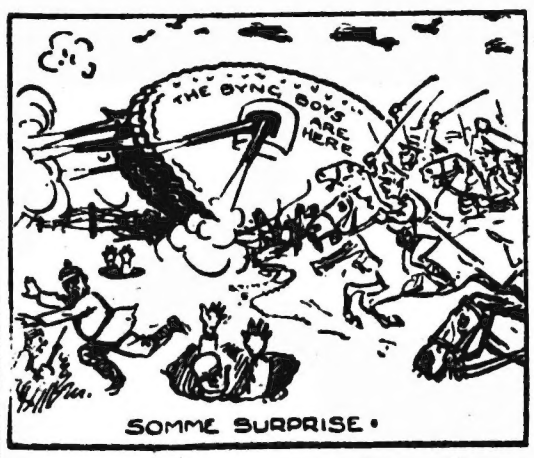
To the Rev. F. H. Glaister, Vicar of St. Mary's, Kettering.

DEAR VICAR,—That recent leaflet of yours, exhorting the good people of Kettering to "Parish Prayers" at St. Mary's, is in the worst possible taste, especially the flippant declaration, "Prayers will be a much better investment than War Loan; they will cost you nothing, but will bring you an Eternal Reward." To many such language is an offence and an affront. The cause of true religion was never served by such mountebank methods. JOHN BULL.

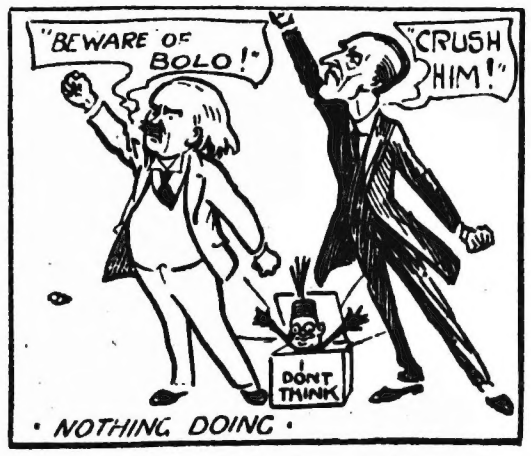
To Mr. Alderman Flavel Leamington.

DEAR BUMBLE,—This is what you said: "Soldiers were not always the cleanest people of the community, and they were responsible for the condition in which the Vicar found the Urquhart Hall." Let me tell you that soldiers—and sailors—are the cleanest men in the kingdom; they are clean from habit, from training, and by preference. So now you know. JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.



Forward our lines, victorious, roll
Towards the glorious, looming goal.



Though against him they declaim,
Bolo yet pops up again.

The road to rank and higher pay
Means men and treasure thrown away.

HAIG'S NEXT

Nothing to Withdraw—All Well in the W

By THE E

NO, I'm *not* about to crow and say, "What did I tell you?" For, truth to speak, I'm not a bit excited over the news from France. It is "all according to programme." Certainly it seemed a long time coming, but I never doubted its arrival; just as I know that more is to come—and more after that. You see, I've been to the Front, and have seen things; and I've talked with Haig and all sorts of other people—and I was told and shown what was going on. And I came back and said, "Without disclosing any confidential matters, I am sure I may say that Sir Douglas entertains no atom of doubt as to both a complete, *and an early*, victory—at any rate, so far as the West is concerned." And then I went on to say—this is two months ago—"he is completely satisfied that we have seen the best of the enemy's powers in the field; that he is weakening visibly all along the line." And having made my report, I was content to put my faith in Haig, and whilst politicians and paper "experts" sneered and scoffed, and talked of "mischievous optimism"—and of the "impenetrable barrier of the Western front," and all that sort of thing—I was content, I say, to wait and—smile. And I smile again to-day, as I notice the acrobatic alteration of attitude on the part of these critics, who already see in last week's news the possibility of "an entire change in the military situation." What fools the soldiers have made of these people! How wonderfully they have turned that week of wanton pessimism into splendid days of universal hope! But I won't—I can't—forgive those who, at a critical moment in the war—when, to quote the Prime Minister in one of his calmer moments, "the sun of victory was appearing above the peaks"—wickedly, needlessly, without rhyme or reason, threw down a deadly bomb of doubt. Thank God, the soldiers have answered. And what a satirical reply! That "impenetrable" West, on which the highest hopes of General Headquarters have been centred, has once more proved what even I, a mere layman, knew it to be the crux of the military problem. Hardly had the windy, wordy warfare at Westminster ceased its feeble and ineffectual fires when the news of the great victory—the herald of the end in the West—came flashing across the sea; and to-day the pimply pessimists are confounded—the nation's confidence once more justified and strengthened. The politician would have us believe that the war is being won in Downing Street, that the feeble efforts of the soldier were as nothing compared with the Heaven-sent determination of the men at Westminster. What a joke!

Haig's Promise.

Don't forget—Haig told us he would do it; *and he is doing it.* His critics—those who have a bitter antagonism to everything that is military, notwithstanding that the Army has stood between us and national damnation for the last three years—chose the very worst moment for their latest attempt to belittle the High Command—to throw mud at the unstained uniform of Haig. Wasn't it a wicked thing? And how it depressed those who still listen to speeches over here—whilst the shells are bursting there. If I had my way, I would sweep the whole brood of carpers and whiners into internment camps, and keep them there until the soldier had completed his job. Do you remember "What Haig Told Me"? It is a little over two months ago that I returned from my never-to-be-forgotten visit to the boys at the Front—that "well-timed mission," as I ventured to call it. Well-timed, because "I found Germany beaten in the West—and, say what you like, when she is beaten in the West she is beaten everywhere." How those words made the superior persons scoff! And when Italy, in circumstances which will furnish a dramatic story one of these days, got a real blow in the face, the Weeping Willies threw up their anæmic hands. All was lost; the optimists were "traitors"; those who dared to pin their faith on the promises of the British Army were little less than criminals. The politicians, changing with every breeze that blows, joined in the wail. No more "bragging," no more talk of "the war nearly over"—never mind what amateurs like Smuts and Jellicoe said. Their faces became as long as their predictions as to the duration of the war. Only those who knew what Haig knew, and believed in him, could afford to smile with me. Well, we are all smiling now—and *we shall smile more* very soon.

The Next Surprise.

What is happening to-day is no haphazard business. It is the outcome of long and careful preparation—and it is the start of a big scheme of operations. Have you read the description of the cavalry in action? Have you thrilled with pride at the pictures of the stalwart horsemen riding—as the cavalry love to ride—right on the foe, cleaving men to the earth, gallantly sabreing the gunners—quite in the fine old-fashioned way? Didn't Haig say "Our cavalry is awaiting the opening of the gate, so that the enemy's retreat may be turned into a rout"? And, again, didn't he say, "The enemy will not have the possibility of entrenching himself very far beyond the lines"? You see, Haig knew what he was going to do. Let me quote myself: "I saw some of that cavalry waiting. I must not indicate the regiments of which it consisted, but certainly a finer or more confident or more splendidly horsed brigade has never been seen upon the battlefield." And I do know a horse when I see one! Well, those men and those horses have been through the first gate—they may be through others before these lines are printed. But whether the next good news comes soon or late, I hope to hear no more sneers, no more acid talk of infinitesimal gains—no more "kilometric" sarcasm, no more threats to accuse the soldier of incapacity by revealing promises that he is grimly occupied in fulfilling. It is giving no information to the enemy to say that, provided we have a fair sky, we shall soon find that last week's advance was but the commencement of a scheme of operations designed to smash the enemy in the West. But "Haig weather" has become synonymous with

CXT SURPRISE.

the West, and East—The Soldier's Answer.

THE EDITOR.

either lowering clouds that preclude observation, or torrential rains that burden the march of our troops. Let the Clerk of the Weather change his manners. Too long has he played the Hun; if he can't be pro-Ally, let him be, at least, Neutral—and then we shall see things. I'm not going to be tempted into the realms of military prophecy. I leave that to the well-informed gentlemen who told us that the Russian revolution meant "a better and a surer peace" for the Allies, and that our present method of advance in the West—with its occasional "capture of a battered village"—were, in existing circumstances, "doomed to disaster." But I am going to say that when I left Haig I had formed the very definite opinion that he had a series of operations up his sleeve, planned to follow each other in quick succession, and which, if successful, would, for all practical purposes, end the war. Well, we are seeing the first of those schemes in operation—and I *think* I know what the next one will be. Just take the map, and you will notice that by degrees we are getting the mastery of a line which includes St. Quentin, Cambrai, Douai, Lens and Lille. Well, suppose (mark you, I say "suppose") Haig can shortly take these places, do you think the war would last another week? The German people would go mad—and the Kaiser would follow the example of his late royal prototype, the Head of the House of Romanoff—and disappear for the good of his subjects and the world at large.

The Eastern Front.

It wouldn't very much matter then what was happening in either Italy or Russia—or even in the East. Of course, it would be idle to pretend that the great Russian betrayal has not checked the tide of victory—but only checked it. Those Germans lately brought from the Russian front and taken prisoners in the brilliant bid for Cambrai, tell their own tale. Russia has played traitor to the Allies, and the enemy has tried to renew her strength with forces which the soldiers of the Czar so long held in check. And what of those hundreds of thousands of enemy troops which in the fair days of Russia's real offensive were the spoils of war? We have to reckon with *them*. Already they may have struck their chains, and may be once more swelling the ranks of our foes. Yes, there are contingencies which have to be reckoned with; and it is no part of my business—it never has been, and it never will be—to hide the truth, to paint dark clouds with rosy hues. But my faith is firm—firm in its unassailable trust in Haig. I have given you a hint of his plan. See that he is not interfered with by the political or civilian authorities. But it is not only in the West; all is going well in the East. West and East, the gory dreams of the enemy are shattered past hope. All his fair anticipations are being turned into hideous nightmare. Every one of the schemes which for years have been forming in his brutalised brain has come to naught. He outraged Belgium that he might murder France and threaten the heart of the British Empire. He dragged Turkey into the war in pursuit of his long cherished aims in the East. To-day his Ally is broken and almost beaten, and the might of Britain in the East re-affirmed by the valour of Allenby's army. We should have crushed the hated Turk long ere this but for the dark treachery of Tino and the damnable blindness of British statesmen. The lintels of the Foreign Office are bespattered with the blood of thousands of brave fighting men. They would not listen; they would not heed. It was not for want of warning that they continued indignantly to repel the open charges against the royal scoundrel Constantine. Look up the records; read the debates in the Commons; notice the direct challenge of the bona-fides of that slimy traitor; recall the refusal to give even moral support to that finest of Greek patriots, Venezelos—and then, when you find politicians, however eminent, bewailing the tragedy of the Balkans, remember that it was no tragedy; it was a foul crime, and the criminals are the dotards of Downing Street who, toadying to a royal hound, timorous of touching the pseudo sacrosanct, supported that creature and continued to support him until vengeance cried aloud—whilst the blood of our bravest was being spilled that a miscreant king might continue on his throne. But we've got them in the East at last; and, as I have said elsewhere, we should be in Bethlehem by Christmas. Think *that* out.

Nothing to Withdraw.

Well, to take a final look round, let me say I see absolutely nothing in the situation to cause me either to withdraw or qualify what I have already told you—based on what I have seen and on what I have learned, at the Front—of an early collapse of the war. Quite apart from what Smuts and Jellicoe tell you, let me give you, in his own words, the opinion of Sir Douglas Haig: "I am convinced that the final decision will be reached on the French front, *so that we shall succeed in forcing the enemy to accept our terms.* . . . My confidence in the victory of our armies is absolute, *and is shared by all the officers and men.* I BELIEVE THE PRESENT YEAR WILL BE DECISIVE AS REGARDS THE RESULT OF THE WAR, *and that from a military standpoint a decision will be reached.* . . . There is no doubt we shall break through the German front in many places, and effectively." Now let me tell you that Haig does not use idle words. He is not a talker. Whilst Ministers over here are puffing and fuming, he is quietly working in that little room of his, at the back of the lines, where I was privileged to sit, and where I became imbued with the magnetism and the masterfulness of the man. Once more, then, stop this drivel about a long war yet in front of us—and the rest of the alarmist piffle of the politician. Let *Civis Britannicus sum*—"I am a British citizen"—be your motto—and act up to the rôle. Tommy is doing so in the trenches—don't let him shame *you*. There are no "Conchies" out there; and they laugh at you, penalising these canting cowards by depriving them of the vote! But I've no time or inclination for "Conchies" to-day. My heart is with the glorious boys in France and Flanders—and their splendid leaders. God speed them!

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILDREN.

WHAT MOVED A PENSIONS CLERK TO TARDY ACTION.

A soldier's widow, left with three children and much trouble, in Pathhead, Fife, could obtain no help from the local War Pensions Committee. Mr. Harvey, a Congregational Minister, was good enough to take up her case, but he, also, could get no help from the Committee. It was not a matter for them, nor for the Prince of Wales's Fund, he was told. Being persistent in doing good, Mr. Harvey made a third call on the Clerk, and said he thought of writing to the War Office or the Pensions Minister about the widow's hard lot. Then said the Clerk, "Oh, you need not do that. I will give you a form, and if she fills it up I might give her 5s. a week for 13 weeks." As this offer came after numerous refusals, the Minister doubted whether it was reliable. Wishing to make quite sure, he suggested "writing to JOHN BULL to ask if he knew a source from which such a case could receive assistance." That, says Mr. Harvey, "upset the whole business. The good Clerk told me, in the presence of a number of women, that if the widow came there she would only get the strict amount according to Regulations. He said had I not named JOHN BULL he might have given the woman a little extra." Mr. Harvey's reply was that he did not ask for more than she was entitled to. He was sorry if his naming of JOHN BULL is to harm the widow and her children, and he "apologised" for that offence, and hoped the Clerk "would deal justly, maybe kindly, with the widow and orphans of one who has died for his country." That, also, is our hope. We thank Mr. Harvey for his fine efforts and his pertinacity in tackling a Clerk who seems to have refused assistance until hotly spurred. Why that slow-moving gentleman should jump so at the mention of this journal is more than we can fathom, except that it was one more evidence that the official mind hates the mere notion of honest criticism. But we assure Mr. Harvey, the good Minister of Pathhead, that he may rely that his mention of this journal shall not injure the cause of the widow and the fatherless. Should he have reason to complain in that matter, we invite him to communicate with us. We are only too pleased to be of any possible assistance in such cases, and the deserving find ready help through the kindness of our readers.

AN IMPUDENT BACHELOR.

CHEEKY TOUT WHO IS "NOT A BEGGAR."

Mr. E. R. Birkett, of Devonport House, Highampton, Devon, is "not a beggar"; he "merely wishes for the loan of £50, free of interest, for about a year." These are Mr. Birkett's own statements, contained in a letter which he recently addressed to a lady at Bedford, with whom, as far as we can discover, he had no acquaintance whatever. Unless we are much mistaken, Mr. Birkett has been at this game before, for his is a practised hand. "I am in desperate trouble," he writes, "and suffering from neurasthenia. My age is 47, and I am a bachelor." Naturally, the war is chiefly responsible for his present plight. To pose as a bereaved father and, consequently, a married man, might be to alienate the sympathies of impressionable ladies. A neurasthenic bachelor is a more romantic figure. But Mr. Birkett has suffered. "I have lost my nephew in this war," he states. "He fell at St. Eloi, also his brother was wounded in the retreat from Mons." Sorrow and privation have brought Mr. Birkett very low. "I have been accustomed to a refined home," he wails. "At the present time I am only in some cheap lodgings. I know not what the consequences will be if I do not get help very soon. Will you help me?" A pleasing personal touch enforces the direct appeal. "I used to visit Bedford in my prosperity and have seen you driving your car. I feel sure, from the glimpse I had of your benevolent countenance, that you will not refuse my appeal." It is apparently the husband of the lady of the "benevolent countenance" who forwards Mr. Birkett's letter for our perusal, and he is very angry about it indeed. "We do not know this thick-skinned scoundrel from Adam," he declares. We should be sorry to call Mr. Birkett a thick-skinned scoundrel. It is not at all a nice expression. But, without transgressing the limits of politeness, we may perhaps be permitted to hint that Mr. E. R. Birkett, of Devonport House, Highampton, has a cheek that might be envied by a hungry chimpanzee.

ONCE A BARRISTER.

A MERRY MAN OF LAW AND LETTERS.

While advertising himself as "Lawyer and Counsel," Mr. Augustus Merriman, of 27, Chancery Lane, W.C., makes it clear, as he is legally bound to do, that he is no longer a member of the Bar, his retirement from that distinguished profession being due, as he explains, to the "erroneous opinion" of the Benchers of his Inn. Into the truth of the matter we are not disposed to probe more deeply. Mr. Merriman is much too quaint a person to be taken seriously. "Please notice that I am again in the battlefield of practice," he announces. "I am now Lawyer and Counsel not of the Bar. I fill a place much the same as that of physicians not named in the Medical Register, or of stock and share dealers not members of the Stock Exchange." Some people may be a little doubtful as to the value of such recommendations; however, Mr. Merriman is out for business. "The most distinguishing particular in my present practice," he explains, "is that I tender the best advice in writing for a fee in each of most cases of only 2s. 6d." Nor is this all. Mr. Merriman, with the true unprofessional touch, is anxious that people should become their own lawyers. "I hold out myself," he deftly announces, "as being able to teach lay persons how to draft their own documents of conveyance . . . and how to conduct their own cases in the law courts." Finally, Mr. Merriman falls into the romantic vein. "I recommence practice with the feeling of a bird just free from the bars of a cage, gilt as if with gold, a freeness which is not much more than the loss of the reflex of the rays from the cage's gilt, a freeness which is a gain of the fresh air of heaven, and is a means to roam and feed in the wider expanse of the universe." It mightn't be a bad idea if Mr. Augustus Merriman were to specialise in lunacy.

PASTIMES IN DETENTION CAMPS.

MUST BRITISH WORKMEN COMPETE WITH PRISON LABOUR?

F. Flügner, 9959, Camp II., Compound 5, Knockaloe Camp, Isle of Man, is an industrious fellow, and in his prison camp he feels bored and lonely. There are plenty of them there, but one gets tired of lounging about and playing games. So he has written to a tailor in the North of London who employed him for ten years before the war. He does not want to come outside. Oh, dear, no! Why should he? Food is scarcer and conditions are worse outside than in. But he would like some tailoring to do, just to keep him busy and for the sake of old times. He asks after everybody in a nice, friendly way—purrs over them, in fact. And he makes his old employer fighting wild. What are the authorities doing? Why did the Censors pass that letter? Are working tailors in such rollicking circumstances that they should have to compete with interned alien enemies? And must a private citizen submit to such gratuitous insults because he employed a German tailor years ago? How would you like to get a letter from a Hun? There is one sentence in the letter which is very perplexing. Herr Flügner asks for a written reference as to his work long ago. Why does he want that? Are German prisoners touting for employment on a large scale? Or does the fellow, after all, expect to be let out? We should really like to know. We have heard of other Germans being released for "work of national importance," and we want that sort of thing to stop.

"FISH AND FLESH."

SOME STRANGE DISTINCTIONS IN THE COURTS.

(Coatbridge, November 2nd, before Bailie Liddle.)

Abraham Wilson pleaded guilty to having stolen 5,000 cubic feet of gas by forming a connection between two pipes without the knowledge of the Company. The Company had removed the gas meter because Wilson insisted on putting grocers' tokens into it instead of pennies. A fine of £1 was imposed.

(Coatbridge, November 2nd, before Bailie Liddle.)

John Moir, labourer, pleaded guilty to having been drunk and incapable. Bailie Liddle stated that he deemed it necessary to issue a warning to the effect that if any more men appeared at the Bar for a similar offence, he would impose on them the maximum penalty of £2. In the present instance he fined the defendant 30s.

"BREECHES" ON THE HINDENBURG "LINE."

THE WASH-OUT.

THE REWARD OF SERVICE.

UNWANTED SOLDIER'S CURIOUS PLIGHT.

A discharged soldier is annoyed at the suggestion, conveyed by Government placards, that "the disabled man has but to ask and he will receive." His record is briefly as follows: Enlisting voluntarily in 1914, it was not until August, 1916, that he was sent over to France—being then, as he informs us, senior Company Sergeant-Major in his Brigade. From this point onwards the man's history is a curious study in the petty ways of the War Office. On his arrival at Havre, he was reduced to the rank of Private—not, as far as we can discover, through any misconduct, but as part of a general scheme of reorganisation. On leaving Havre for the firing-line he was once more promoted Sergeant, and after a short spell in the trenches was wounded, and discharged from hospital in January last in civilian clothes. From the day he left Havre for the trenches he received no regular pay. Nor were matters improved on his arrival back in England. Driven from pillar to post by the whim of the military authorities, he was first ordered to report to the Honourable Artillery Company, then transferred to the 33rd Middlesex Regiment, and finally returned to the H.A.C., only to be again sent home without pay or pension. This was not all. In April last, after nearly three years' voluntary service, the soldier, though obviously unwanted by the Army authorities, came within the purview of the Military Service Act, and was ordered to report at Thetford, being this time flatly rejected by a Medical Board. "I have now been in civilian clothes nine months," he writes, "have had no regular pay since September, 1916, no pension, no discharge papers. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association and War Pensions Committee won't help me as 'regulations will not permit'... In nine months I have written 158 letters to the various authorities." Perhaps some day the said authorities may find time to look into the case.

A GHOULISH ENTERPRISE.

THE LAST WORD IN COMMERCIAL IMPUDENCE.

We have a strong objection to the exploitation of war bereavement for private profit, and from the first we have taken severe exception to some of the memorial volumes offered to the public on terms that show a handsome return to the publishers. Originally, we believe, "The British Roll of Honour" was announced by the Queenhithe Publishing Company, of 13, Bread Street Hill, E.C., but since the Registration of Business Names Act came into operation, the Queenhithe Company has dropped out of the picture—the Roll of Honour, with the altered title "Brave Heroes of the War," being now published in the name of Mr. C. A. Manning Press, of Seaview, Isle of Wight. Mr. Manning Press is an old hand at the biographical stunt. Before the war, he issued several volumes of "county celebrities," etc., in which vain folks, willing to pay for the accommodation, might be "biographed" out of all recognition. Unfortunately, Mr. Manning Press has had no better sense of decency than to levy a similar toll upon the relatives of heroes slain in the war. Not content with intruding upon the bereaved with his wretched touting circulars, the fellow actually has the effrontery to demand that the people who provide him with the materials for his book, photographs and biographical details, should pay an "entrance subscription" of £1 1s. for each notice inserted, "to cover the initial and out-of-pocket cost." From this requirement, it might almost be inferred that the Roll of Honour was to be given away, instead of sold at the high price of £2 12s. 6d. per volume, a figure which is said, perhaps facetiously, to have been "cut extremely fine." From the purely commercial standpoint, this particular Roll of Honour strikes us as being about as bad a bargain as is to be found in the book market at the moment, subscribers being first required to pay a large share of the cost of production of the volumes, and afterwards to buy them at £2 12s. 6d. a time—and this quite apart from the offence against good taste.

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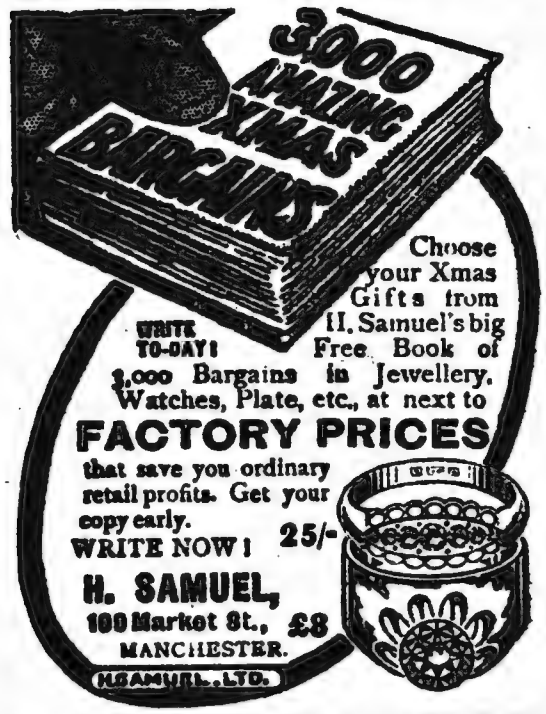
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SHIELDED BY THE HOME OFFICE.

ORDERS TO LET WASTERS DOWN LIGHTLY.

When, on May 15th, T. A. Patterson and Fanny Parkins, the managers of two hostels controlled by the Ministry of Munitions, were at the Bristol Police Court fined £50 and £25 respectively, for food wastage offences, which included causing large quantities of bread to be thrown into a refuse tub—a great deal of it never having been even put upon the table—precious little sympathy was extended to them, whilst the two local officials of the Ministry of Munitions who were pocketing fat salaries for the express purpose of seeing that these things did not happen, came in also for a good deal of criticism at the hands of an exasperated public. The Bench felt so strongly upon the case that, in passing sentence, the Chairman said: "There has been a very gross and wilful waste of the food of the nation. It is a very serious offence, and we have been considering whether we ought not to send you to prison. We have all been asked to do what we can to increase the food production of the country, and it seems to us you are doing what you can to waste it." Ordinary folk might have been pardoned for thinking that, if the fine was not paid, and that smartly, such offenders would have to go to gaol. As a matter of fact, however, we have reason to believe that the £75 has never been paid—the present extraordinary position of the affair being that, on a Home Office Order, the fines have actually been reduced to £10 and £5, and this without the defendants having appealed to Quarter Sessions! Small wonder that this outrageous insult to the Magisterial Bench, as well as to the patriotic sense of the whole community, came as a bombshell to those who are in the secret—not a word has been allowed to leak out to the public. Had the reduction of the sentence been made by the duly constituted tribunal after hearing in open Court, there would have been nothing to say. As it is, we think both the Food Controller and the public should vigorously protest against the virtual condonation of such offences.

PROTHERO AND SPUDS.

THE STRANGE TALE OF A CHALLENGE.

There is not a shadow of a doubt that the President of the Agricultural Board has done well for the farmers—given 'em, in fact, money for nothing over and over again. Probably this is the reason why he shows no inclination to accept the challenge of Mr. John Phillips, a farmer, of Rhydygarth, in disproof of his statement in the House that it costs £35 an acre to plant potatoes, and that farmers were receiving only £36 per acre for their produce. "It costs nothing like £35," says Mr. Phillips, "and Mr. Prothero's statement that the yield is only six tons per acre is very much under the actual figure. Even in Pembrokeshire we can grow eight or nine tons to the acre." He then goes on to say that if the Minister will guarantee him £35 an acre he will sell to the public at £4 a ton on rail, and if he fails to do so he will give £500 to any charitable institution. Truth is, the farmers have alternately bullied, bluffed, and blarnied the Controllers into a surrender in every case where profit has met patriotism.

ROBBED OF HIS PENSION.

DISABLED SOLDIER HARSHLY TREATED.

The case of a man working for a small employer came up before the Bristol Tribunal. The small employer said he must have the man if he was to make a living. "You see, I'm a complete cripple," he said, pointing to his feet, "and the Army has taken away my pension." It appears that, invalided out as "partially disabled," without a pension, he obtained work of national importance, and, in the course of it, had an accident which completely incapacitated him, so he got £150 compensation from his employers. The Army authorities stopped the pension because he would not hand over the compensation money to them. We call upon them to restore to the man, without delay, the pension he has so well earned.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"LEEDS MERCURY":—
"TWO MONTHS AGO he was stranded at Normanton . . . THREE MONTHS LATER he turned up again."

"IRISH TIMES" (letter to the Editor):—
"Why are the milk people letting the cows be slaughtered, as Mr. Gibson tells us to-day, if they are LAYING GOLDEN EGGS?"

"SUNDAY TIMES" (Johannesburg):—
"The official description . . . is as follows—Emily (aged 18), LIGHT BLUE HAIR."

"TOOTING CONGREGATIONAL MAGAZINE":—
"The delicious fragrance that came from her kitchen every Wednesday drew the school-children LIKE A MAGNET DOES A CANDLE."

"CHRISTIAN NOVELS":—
"The light revealed, STANDING in the shallow porch, a woman's white FACE."

"DUBLIN EVENING MAIL" (advertisement):—
"Absolutely Life-Like Sets of Teeth from 15s. . . . Repairs WHILE YOU WAIT. Several Highly Trained Assistants. No WAITING."

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE":—
"The announcement is made to-day of the award by the King of gold medals to Lieutenant —— —— AND I SENTENCE HIM TO THREE MONTHS' HARD."

"DERBYSHIRE TIMES":—
"Deceased . . . was the widow of the late Mr. ——, WHO DIED AT AN ADVANCED AGE A FEW YEARS OFF AND ON FOR OVER A YEAR."

"SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT":—
"Mr. George fails to give us much that is new. He declines to DON THE PROPHET OF THE MANTLE and predict when or how the war will end."

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *10th August, 1915.*

Suffering at Southampton.

An Order has been issued at Southampton, placing all cafés and eating-houses out of bounds to soldiers until 6 p.m. daily. Rather hard on a hungry garrison!

Loot! Loot! Loot!

The Y.M.C.A. hostel at London Bridge had a thief within its walls lately. He made off with a sleeper's breeches, pants, braces, and money. As such a thing might be very serious to a stranger in London, watch upon the wards is recommended.

A Plea for Cutlery.

The patients of the Bangour War Hospital, Edinburgh, ask us to appeal for knives, forks and spoons with which to eat their rations. If the "proper authorities" cannot afford to purchase the goods, we will send a supply ourselves. We have other complaints concerning this institution, but hold them over for the moment.

Swindling the Youngsters.

Before the passing of the Military Service Acts we enlisted youths of fifteen and sixteen, after inducing them to lie to us regarding their ages. Now those patriotic boys are told that they cannot draw Proficiency Pay until they reach the age of twenty! This, to our mind, is a piece of arrant swindling—a deliberate attempt to cheat the boys who offered their lives for the Motherland.

Once More Thetford!

Some of the serfs who were at Thetford have been transferred to Sutton, but the remainder have yet another grievance. They are stopped a shilling a week for the upkeep of the Regimental Institute, yet when a concert is arranged they appear to be given the cold shoulder, while Sergeants and other Non-commissioned Officers, with their ladies, walk in and take front seats!

Inquire Now!

When will the proper authorities inquire into the peculations of some Company Quarter-Master-Sergeants and others in higher authority? If a Commission wants damning evidence, it may have it from many of the units in the Service, who feel that they are suffering an intolerable grievance.

A Pertinent Question.

Is the Officer Commanding the 16th Royal Welsh Fusiliers satisfied that his men are getting a square deal in the matter of drills, and that the crocks in his battalion are not being harshly treated? We are sure that, if he would look into the matter, there would soon be an improvement in this respect.

Now We Know!

We are swamped with letters asking why mails in France either get lost or spend some moons in the process of delivery. We are assured from the Front that the grievance has been caused by the girl labour in the Military Post Offices. Only about ten per cent. of the female sorters are alleged to be keen on their work; of the remainder, the less said the better.

Salutes from the Blind!

A blind soldier from St. Dunstan's, proceeding by means of a walking-stick and the rails of Regent's Park, was stopped by a sergeant of the Guards, who asked him if he saluted officers when he saw them. An officer made the same inquiry, whereupon the man naturally replied that he saw nobody, so saluted nobody. The almost unbelievable order was given to place him under arrest, but forcible resistance led to its withdrawal. We understand that the poor fellow obtained an apology, under pressure, but the incident is a very unpleasant one.

The Machine Gunners' Grumble.

From the 25th Depot Company of the M.G.C. we have received a list of grievances. Tyranny appears to be rampant in the unit, and we are not surprised to hear that a large proportion of the men are doing pack drill as punishment. We should like to know from the O.C. if a party of men were kept standing for thirty-five minutes with rifles at the slope, and if some of them, who were not fit to bear the ordeal, were crimed for failing to do so?

Punished for Patriotism.

It is notorious that Brighton and Worthing are swarming with rich East End funks, who will not fight for the country of their adoption, and have scooted away from the air-raid centres. These two areas, we notice, have been placed out of bounds to all ranks of soldiers. Will the "superior authorities" tell us why? If a Whitechapel coward is good enough to be seen in Brighton or Worthing, surely a patriot in khaki should not be regarded as out of place there.

Prize Money Again!

The men of H.M.S. *Laburnum* ask us when they may expect the salvage money awarded them by the Court for the salving of the steamship *Graciana* in February, 1915. We confess we don't know; the Admiralty moves in a mysterious—and sometimes dilatory—way its wonders to perform.

The Nation's Thanks.

A Naval man did splendid work on the Tigris, and was promoted to a Commission. He received the usual uniform allowance and purchased an Eastern kit. He was afterwards sent home to England, ill, and left the Service. Subsequently, he unsuccessfully appealed for a return of his Commission. He was, however, graciously taken on as an "entirely new hand," but was refused any outfit allowance—his Eastern kit could not, of course, be worn on Home Service. Once in a while the Admiralty is capable of acting with great shabbiness.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Trying to Keep Up.

A soldier's wife, who has lost the use of her limbs through rheumatism, has a little boy who is also ill. We sent her some money for necessary nourishment.

Those Worrying Rates.

An old soldier served in the war, and returned home badly wounded. The temporary pension which he was granted has now ceased, and being only able to work at intervals, he found it difficult to keep things going. He was threatened with a summons for his taxes, but our intervention saved him from that humiliation.

Her Only Son.

A poor woman is lone and needy, her only son having been called up. She is receiving a very small amount in the way of Government money and her rent is therefore behind. She was threatened with ejection, which disaster we were happy to prevent.

Saved from a Pauper's Grave.

A soldier's wife died as the result of an accident. The man from the trenches could not bury her until he consulted us, when we willingly came to the rescue.

More Sickness.

Another soldier's wife, after many months of anxiety, has been informed that an operation upon her ailing child is necessary. She found it impossible to obtain all the extras which are required, so again we did what was in our power.

The Ever-Present Problem.

A delicate widow, with children to tend, has to rely entirely upon her scant allowance, as she is unable to work for a wage. This poor woman lost her husband through the torpedoing of a transport. She had a doctor's bill to pay for one of the youngsters, and asked our help towards it—which, of course, we were glad to render.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Portion of Proceeds of Mr. Bottomley's Lecture at the Haymarket Theatre on his Visit to the Front," £20; Mrs. C. S. (Chiswick), 2s.; W. N. S., (Brechin), 2s. 6d.; M. C. P. S., 5s.; "A Birkenhead Mother," 1s.; "Arawa," 2s. 6d.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; A. G. (Armagh), 2s. 6d.; W. E. T. (Brixton), 1s.; W. A. G. (Coventry), 5s.; "Penzance," 2s.; "Constant Reader" (Mayo), 2s. 6d.; H. J. A., £2 2s.; "A Regular Reader (Bletchley), 2s. 6d.; "A New Forest Reader," 2s. 6d.; "Mustang," 10s.; C. H., 10s.; L. W., 1s. 6d.; E. W., 6d.; Pte. A. L., 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; E. J. B. (Leamington Spa), 1s.; R. S (Tavistock Crescent), 4s.; "Uncle," 2s. 6d.; Sergts.' Mess, R.M. College, Camberley, £2; E. P., 5s.; R. B. (Antrim), 2s. 6d.; "London and Glasgow," 1s.; Mrs. de V. (Johannesburg), £1 10s.; Collected from Employees of Messrs. George Kent., Ltd. (Luton), £10 10s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; H. C. J. (Halifax), £1; 'Atsuta," 10s.; A. M. (Nottingham), 2s.; G. K. (Ruislip), 5s.; F. N., 1s.; Roslin Reader, 2s. 6d.; G. C. (Ealing), £1; G. R. (France), 1s.; "Kato," 2s. 6d.; C. D. and K. L. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), £1 4s.; Ship's Company of H.M.S. *Tetrarch*, 12s.; H. M. (Deptford), 1s.; "Bob and I," 7s. 6d.; F. H., 2s.; H. S. (Buckhaven), 1s.; C. A. C. (Woolwich Arsenal), 1s. 6d.; F. H. (Camberwell), 2s. 6d.; F. G. (S. Africa), 3s. 6d.; T. R. (Basingstoke), 1s.; W. P. (Shanghai), 1s. 11d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "A Soldier's Mite," 6d.; A. D. (Dewsbury), 2s. 6d.; R. A., (Maidstone), 1s.; (Late) 34185's Girl, 3s.; G. A. R. (France), 1s.; Mrs. J. B. H. (Wymondham), 2s.; A. W. (Gibraltar), 5s.; "A Durham Englishman," 5s.; F. G. P., (Woodchester), 2s.; W. W. (Devon), 6d.; "Private" (1/7 Cameronians), 10s.

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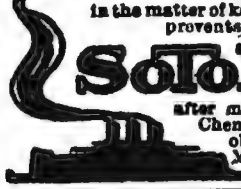

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

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M. A. B. (near Passchendaele).—What a grand address! "Around are my comrades, dead, wounded, gassed, drowned, frost-bitten—the rest still fighting. Don't let us down through shortage of munitions." No, you must not believe munitions are being cut down. That's a German Bolo lie.

"OLD PARISHIONER" (Totnes) wants us to kick up an awful dust because Sir Robert Harvey's "lovely peal of bells" in Habberton Church have not been rung for 21 years. Let's hope they'll ring soon for peace.

E. H. P. (Kent).—Thanks for your generous offer of assistance with our articles. Just at present, however, we are rather in love with our own style.

"CONSTANT READER" (Cinderford).—"At Lane End the villagers raise funds to present £1 to every soldier returning home on leave or wounded." Proud cities might copy a lowly village.

J. W. (Sunderland).—"Why is not the flag at our new War Hospital lowered when a funeral passes?" Because it would be one of our own dear boys who was dead, and not a Hun.

"INDIGNANT MOTHER" (Liverpool).—The suggestion that girls in the Women's Army are "sent to France for an immoral purpose" is a filthy lie, not believed even by the pro-Germans who tell it.

PTE. P. H. (Durham) says that in Germhuny prisoners of war are paid, "not in coin of the realm, but in iron coin made for the purpose." This would make even the iron cross.

CAPTAIN J. L. (R.F.A.).—Sorry cannot accept your suggestion that Ireland should be "given to the Japs." You've evidently been sleeping on the roof.

K. A. R. (Hove).—Friendly aliens of military age should certainly be conscripted for service in one or other of the Allied Armies. In some instances the "right of asylum" has been shamefully abused.

"DISGUSTED" (Salonica).—You will be glad to know that your wholesome trouncing of Ramsay Macdonald has been "passed by the Censor." Also it has given us the glad heart.

A. B. (East Croydon).—Most interested to hear how JOHN BULL saved your brother's life by "altering the way of a bullet." Think, too, of the lives it has saved by altering the ways of the War Office.

W. B. (Wanstead).—Postwomen, you tell us, are forbidden by official Regulations to ask for Christmas-boxes. It ought not to be necessary, once the public are aware of this circumstance.

A. M. (Sandown, I.O.W.).—"Last week a vessel was torpedoed off ———." Sah; not a word! You see the Huns may be under the impression that they hit a haystack.

C. E. B. (Leeds).—A "swaggering gait and uncivil tongue" are not the invariable characteristics of Special Constables. Some of those we know are as sweet as honey and as meek as mush.

"ONLY A DISCHARGED SOLDIER" (Woolwich Arsenal).—"A single man, military age, A1, clerk at Arsenal, gets plenty of sleep all day and £4 a week." There's an A1 job waiting for him at the front.

P. T. (Kingsway).—"What's the use of capturing Jerusalem?" It will send the Turks to Jericho.

PRIVATE D. (Sherwood Foresters).—Glad our paragraph helped you to find your parents. For the future, you'd better not let them off the leash.

G. H. J. (Notts.).—"I greatly admire the good work you and your paper have accomplished." Stand yourself two small drinks.

"WORKMAN."—You regret having spent a penny on JOHN BULL and ask: "Where did you come from; who made you a judge to condemn others?" You're no workman. That's a bit of your *camouflage*. Own up that your correct name is Conchy.

S. T. C. (H.M.S. ———).—Admiral Beatty is like Homer, for several places claim to be his birthplace. Reference books dare not say which is which. (And now the post will bring us heaps of claims.)

W. H. (Merthyr Tydfil).—We have never visited the maggot farm, run by the Maggot King, near Buckingham. There are no flies on us—while we stay away.

C. S. (Barnsley).—Your story is that an ex-soldier lost his job as gate-keeper because the women were scared by his disfigured nose. We cannot think Barnsley women such sluts.

LOUISE LA M. (Walthamstow).—"Pardon me for writing to you." On the contrary, dear lady, we shall know no bliss till you repeat the sweet offence.

"AMY" (Sheffield).—A "peroration" is defined in our dictionary as the concluding part of a speech; but it is sometimes the part where the orator sits on his hat.

C. F. W. (Duke Street).—Girls are doing very well indeed just now, and their high-leg boots and low-neck blouses never were so lovely.

D. H. B. (Chiswick) says that the Army has added to its ranks "one Private Evans, a father with ten children"—to find that he is only fit for hospital.

A. W. (Hullavington).—Farmers seem able to do what they please with everybody about everything.

"CYNIC" (Islington).—Some cynic, indeed! You remind us of *Coningsby*: "Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret."

"ANITA" (Hyde Park).—Mr. H. F. Balfour, Pilrig, Argyle Road, Gloucester, gratefully accepts foreign and colonial stamps on behalf of Sir John Kirk's Ragged School.

S. G. (Manchester).—All the poets, like all the saints, are dead.

L.-CPL. E. K. (Oswestry) says he was "under the impression" that soldiers on leave are entitled to half-a-pound of sugar. He had better get out from under.

F. T. (Richmond).—We cannot make this column the medium of personal insults. If you don't like the man, go and tell him so.

"READER" (Castlewellan).—So Castlewellan has had its first taste of Sinn Fein. Take our advice and spit it out.

"SEA DOG" (Fowey).—"Dear JOHN, what do you make of this?" A pipe-light, dear old thing.

LANCE.-CORPL. W. B. (Winchester).—That conundrum of yours about the bullet and the train was one with which Queen Anne teased the Duchess of Marlborough. For next Christmas, we are rigidly confining ourselves to riddles less than three centuries old.

M. M. (Colwyn Bay).—Since the war started, you have had nothing for breakfast—"but porridge." Ah, but there's a world of nourishment in that "but."

"WOUNDED SOLDIER" (Glasgow).—So you had to pay 2d. to the P.O. because your tiny nephew pencilled "kisses" on a copy of this journal posted to you. A stupid infliction—but the little fellow's love was worth it.

"PADDY" (Rosconmon).—"What do you think when a man like myself, who have done a University Course in Latin, French and Greek, gets 30s. a week?" You seem to have missed grammar.

"BLACKPOOL."—"The landlord is raising rents all along the road; anybody objecting is threatened to be turned out after the war." All the tenants should stick together and fight him. They would win.

A. R. (Grewelthorpe) was charged 3d. for a glass of milk at a *café* in Marsham. If she had gone into a "pub," she would have been charged 6d. for a thimbleful of whisky.

"TWO OF THE LADS" (Sunderland).—It's good of you to take up the cudgels for us, but we do not worry when other papers talk about us. It amuses them, and doesn't hurt us.

C. H. (St. Albans).—Yes, we agree that it was very decent of the Watford Mfg. Coy. to give 1,000 wounded Tommies a good time.

F. T. (Gloucester).—The Bishop of Lincoln was by no means the only deluded mortal who, in 1913, regarded the Kaiser as "a real friend of international peace."

"ELEVEN READERS" (Radcliffe).—Who has called domestic servants "slackers"? From what we know of them, they are kept pretty busy.

"ENGAGED" (Hackney).—Can't advise. Socrates would tell you that, whether you get married or whether you don't, you'll surely repent it

I. W. (Hong-kong).—Sorry we can't publish your long letter on the milk and coal supply of Hong-kong. If we did, our other readers would probably tell us to go there.

W. B. (N. Butts).—Small "Bass," we believe, are sold to the publican at 4s. a dozen; if he sells them at 9d. each—as a great many do—he is a wicked profiteer.

"WOUNDED TOMMY" (Deal).—"A soldier from hospital was stopped fishing from the Pier because he had no permit." If Deal had decency, his wounds would be his licence.

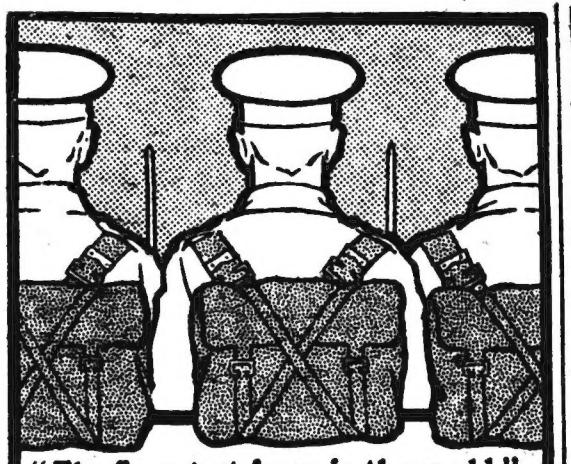
A. B. W. D. (B.E.F., France).—War between the United States and Germany was declared in May, 1917. Now you can go on betting about the exact day.

E. C. (Woolwich).—We note that, despite the large sum expended on refreshments at the function held for the benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Entertainment Fund, you had only one glass of beer. The others must have bathed in it.

Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*



"The Smartest Army in the world"

was the justly earned reputation of the old British Army which for the past quarter of a century "blanco'd" itself clean and smart.

The New Army carries on the old traditions, and the kit bag still has its

"BLANCO"

now made in 3 kinds.

WEB-BLANCO.—A special preparation for cleaning all Web Equipment.

KHAKI-BLANCO.—For cleaning Khaki coloured spats, sun helmets, buckskin belts etc. May also be used for web equipment.

"BLANCO."—*(the original kind)*—for cleaning all White equipment.

All these kinds are sold in Metal Boxes with sponge—a compact handy package. Sold also in Cakes without tins. Economica and easy to use

WAR OFFICE APPROVAL.

Sole Manufacturers:
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Ltd.
BURTON ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

My Feet are Just Aching for "TIZ."

"How glorious, how grand TIZ makes tired, swollen, sore, perspiring feet feel."

"It's just wonderful the relief TIZ gives!"

When you get home from the factory, just take your shoes off, and then put those weary, aching, burning feet of yours in a TIZ bath. The pain ceases at once, and the relief comes as a tremendous joy!

When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try TIZ. It's grand—it's glorious. Also you will find it takes all pain from corns, hard skin, bunions, and chilblains.

There's nothing like TIZ. It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot corture.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet become; how comfortable your shoes feel. Standing all day won't tire you then one little bit. And be generous! Send a box to your boy at the Front—*he* needs TIZ as much as you do.

THE LUCKY BLACK CAT & HORSESHOE CALENDAR for 1918

should be bought by every reader. A very smart Calendar printed in silver and colours, embossed and made to stand up. Sent to any address by the Actual Manufacturers:

D. HARPER & Co., Ltd., 56, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

1/- POST FREE.

The Food Beverage for all War Workers.

Vi-Cocoa

NO MORE GERMAN MOUTH ORGANS

A British Invention

A perfect Pocket Wind Instrument for our Soldiers and Sailors. Post free, **9d.** each, or **8s.** per doz. Full instructions.

ROBERT FIELD, Folly Hall, Huddersfield.

A WONDERFUL PREPARATION

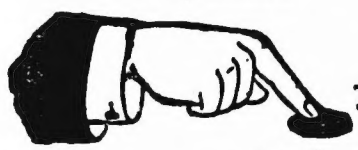
FOR INSECT BITES.

Pain Disappears when

Homocea

BRITISH MADE

Touches



Trade Mark

the Spot

40 *Years' Reputation.*

AN EMINENT DOCTOR WRITES:

"It has a wonderful healing effect on ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS such as Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Burns, Scratches, and in fact all SKIN COMPLAINTS. Whatever the secret, it is a very wonderful preparation, and should be used even more widely than it is."

For CHILBLAINS, CHAPS, COLDS, CHEST and THROAT TROUBLES

It is a MAGIC HEALER!

SEND A BOX TO YOUR SOLDIER FRIEND, HE KNOWS ITS VALUE!

You can get it of all Stores and Chemists.

Price 1/3, or 3/- (large box.)

RENOWNED FOR PILES.

HOMOCEA OINTMENT

First Prize £1,000 "BULLETS" HUGE

2ND PRIZE £100

OVER 10,000 PRIZES	10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	100 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 5/-	2,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	7,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES	OVER 10,000 PRIZES

An Offer You must not miss!

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, December 13th.

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(264) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 264, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, December 13th.

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(264) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, December 13th.

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(264) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford out Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition, No. 265. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 265 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 265, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Forty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 265.

WHEN BOTTOMLEY SPEAKS	WELCOME HOME	AFTER A KISS	ARTFUL PUSS
SWEET AS SUGAR	ON THE CARDS	FATHER CHRISTMAS	MY WIFE'S DRESS
PEACE AND GOODWILL	WHERE THE MONEY GOES	FOOLING THE PEOPLE	GETTING ANGRY
NICE AND WARM	TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS	BREAD AND BUTTER	IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH
FATHER'S COMPLAINT	WHAT PACIFISTS WANT	SAYING NO	DISAPPOINTING THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 264.

SWEEPING VICTORY
GENERAL BYNG
THE HINDENBURG LINE
CAUGHT BENDING
A CERTAIN WINNER
OUR TANKS
WHAT BOTTOMLEY WRITES
BEST MAN
NEARING THE END
ON THE SPREE
WHACKING BILL
SURPRISE IN STORE
WHAT GROCER SAYS
NOT SUFFICIENT
SOMETHING WRONG WHEN
LITTLE MARY
AFTER A DRINK
GERMAN OFFICIAL
A FAIR COP
ARTIST'S MODEL
NOT VERY LIKELY
A TOUCHING STORY
NAUGHTY BOY
WON'T COME OUT
OUR TOMMY
WHEN BABY ARRIVES
FIRST PRIZE
THE DEAR ONES
CHRISTMAS PUDDING
WHAT'S WANTED
NAGGING WIFE
SEEKING TROUBLE
RICH AND POOR
MISLEADING LADY
HELPING THE ENEMY
MOST SURPRISING WIFE
GOOD HEALTH
WHEN FATHER'S AT HOME
MOTHER'S HELP
THE KAISER'S CHRISTMAS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 40 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will help you:—

Example:—
MOTHER'S HELP.
Bullet:—
MOST NECESSARY, WASHING DAY.
Example:—
COURTING TROUBLE.
Bullet:—
CALLING NAVVY LIAR.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated December 29th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated December 1st.

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE 200 WINNERS OF TURKEYS FOR COMPETITION No. 261 WILL BE READY NEXT WEEK, AND WILL BE FORWARDED TO ANY APPLICANT ON RECEIPT OF A PENNY STAMP.

CHRISTMAS BOX!

3RD PRIZE £50

£1,000 First Prize

Result of 261st "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. A. W. COBURN, 136, Edmund Road, Hastings.
Example:—COLD FEET.
Bullet:—FURTHEST FROM "FIRE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. FRED A. COWDERY, Leagrave Marsh, near Luton.
Example:—ACROSS THE RHINE.
Bullet:—WANTING FOOD—NOT "TOMMY."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Pte. S. McINTOSH, M.T., A.S.C., 44, Salmon Street, South Shields.
Example:—WORRIES HINDENBURG.
Bullet:—SHORTENING LINE—LENGTHENING DISPATCHES. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. H. H. BENSON, 11, Fir Rd., Waterloo, Liverpool: AT THE GROCER'S—PROFITS "OUT OF" CONTROL.
Sgt. E. WILLIAMS, 147, Hy. Battery, R.G.A., B.E.F. France: DRILLING AWKWARD SQUAD—VIOLENT EXPLOSIONS, NO CASUALTIES.
Mr. W. L. WHATMORE, 40, Wellfield Road, Cardiff: TAKING WRONG TURNING—THE WORST OF REVOLUTIONS.
Mr. L. LEWIS, c/o Mrs. Tupling, 17, High Street, Whitchurch, Salop: MOST UNLIKELY—"SWELLED HEAD," ENLARGED MIND.
Mrs. B. ALCOCK, Green View, Heatherside Road, West Ewell, Surrey: THANKLESS TASK—STINTING. WHILE OFFICIALS WASTE. (Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. W. TAYLOR, London City and Midland Bank, Nuneaton: ACROSS THE RHINE—"SOME DIVISIONS" ALREADY REPORTED.
Mr. W. H. DAVIES, Park View, Navigation Rd., Altrincham: POWDER AND PAINT—"COMES OFF" AT NIGHT.
Mr. E. ALLISON, 242, Town Road, Edmonton, London, N.: MILITARY EXPERTS—"AT HOME" FINDING FAULT.
Mr. F. C. E. LACEY, c/o 8, Devonshire Terr., Darlington: AT CLOSING TIME—HELIGOLAND MUST BE OURS.
Mr. S. A. JONES, 160, Charles Rd., Small Heath, Bir'ham: THE CENTRAL POWERS—"PULLING TOGETHER"—LONG FACES.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. J. T. BREWIS, 45, Exeter Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne: CARRYING THINGS TOO FAR—SERVANT WANTED—NINE KEPT.
W. WALKER, S.Q.M.S., 1/1 Worcester Yeomanry, c/o Park Farm, Colwall, Malvern: BUGLE CALLS—FEW FROM GOVERNMENT OFFICES.
Mrs. BOND, 19, High Town, Hereford: THE CENTRAL POWERS—UNITED, WE MUST PART.
Bomb. H. MORRIS, 725,656, D. Bty., Pay Office, Louisburg Barracks, Bordon, Hants: KNOWING WIFE—"OWES LITTLE" TO DRESSMAKER.
Mr. C. ROEBUCK, Electric Power Station, Hertford, Herts: IN A TIGHT CORNER—STATESMAN "HAS NO INFORMATION."
Pte. A. R. BLAKE, 37,316, Quidhampton, Salisbury, Wilts: EYE TO BUSINESS—ALLIES' SINGLE COMMAND.
Mr. WM. WILLIAMS, 6, Richard St., Manselton, Swansea: IN A TIGHT CORNER—FIGHTERS OFTEN THROUGH DIPLOMACY.
Mr. T. H. CAPLTON, 45, St. Michael's Road, Bournemouth: IN A TIGHT CORNER—GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS EXCHANGE JOBS.
Mr. C. GRIMSHAW, 25, Tudor St., Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts: ALL CLEAR—NOBODY FINDS AMBITION'S ROAD.
Mrs. F. PAUL, The Drift, East Carlton, near Norwich: EYE TO BUSINESS—ENGAGED COUPLE MAKING FRIENDS.

Closing Date, Thursday, December 13th.

No.____
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____

(284) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed____
Address____

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be nominated to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader [man, woman or child] who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged [whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop] or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

Dec. 1, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of Home .....

.....

Dec. 1, 1917.

£25 REWARD

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for Nov. 24, 1917, bearing on the Covers the numbers 001,764, 219,168, 408,726, 910,924, and 1,723,640. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 in return for undertaking to use his or her best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation. Apply, THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

"PYLITNA"

A GENUINE CURE FOR PILES.

Hæmorrhoids (Piles) are caused by the disordered functions of the system which cannot be corrected by external remedies.

"PYLITNA" POWDERS

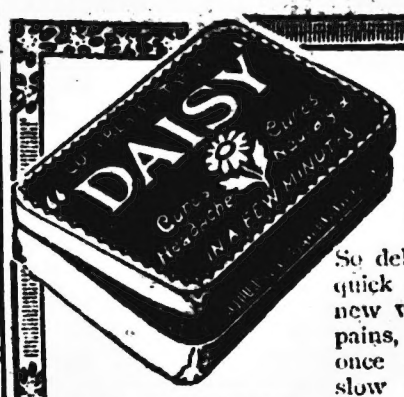
taken in warm milk or water are a genuine cure. Guaranteed harmless.

Of Chemists and Stores 5/- per box, or post free "Pylitna" 3, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.1.

ECZEMA CURE FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Send to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free, of the wonderful new skin discovery, D.D.D. Prescription, a liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives **INSTANT RELIEF** in all cases of **ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RINGWORM AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.** It cures quickly, permanently. It kills and throws off the disease germs that are deeply buried in the skin. It heals as no salves possibly can, for salves clog the pores and cannot penetrate to the deeply buried germs. But send *to-day* for the free trial bottle. It will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered. Send no stamps. A post-card will do.

D. D. D. LABORATORIES,
M.H. 1, Wine Office Court, London, E.C. 4.



Get rid of your HEADACHE at our Expense

So delightfully easy, so marvellously quick and pleasant, is the scientific new way of curing head and nerve pains, that everyone who tries it once decides never to go back to slow and ineffective cures again. Instead of taking hours to cure, or often failing altogether, as the old-fashioned remedies did, Daisy Tablets take a few **minutes** only, and **never** fail.

One personal trial will convert you too to this scientific new method of curing pain, and show you how wise a plan it would be always to carry a tin of Daisy Tablets with you. Then, when the pain comes, you just swallow a couple—and 'hey presto,' in two minutes it has gone—gone completely and gone for good.

Everyone is more or less affected by war-strain nowadays and in many a home and office and factory it is Daisy Tablets alone that enable nerve-tried women to keep brave and happy and pain-free through it all.

CARRY THIS TIN ALWAYS

and Headache and Neuralgia will never again trouble you more than a few minutes. In one of these tiny tins is stored the certain, almost magical cure for a dozen attacks—no matter how severe the pain, you can be sure that two tablets will quickly send it about its business.

1/3 From all Chemists & Stores. Get a tin to-day and be prepared.

SAMPLE AND TREATISE FREE

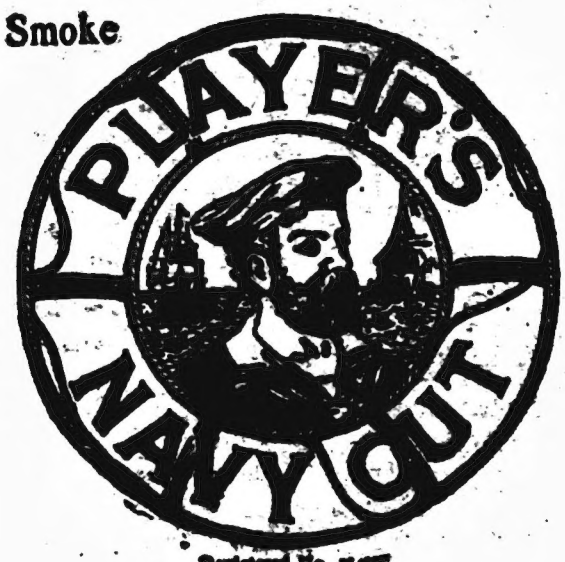
So that you may prove their power at our expense, we are willing to send you, FREE, a dainty sample box of Daisy Tablets. We will also enclose a valuable treatise on the causes and rational cure of Headache and Neuralgia. Write to-day, please, as the offer may be withdrawn at any time.

DAISY

TABLETS

DAISY Ltd. (Dept. T 7), LEEDS.

Smoke



Registered No. 1045

CIGARETTES

(Medium Strength)

10 for 4½D.

These Cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital.

Terms and particulars on application to

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P600

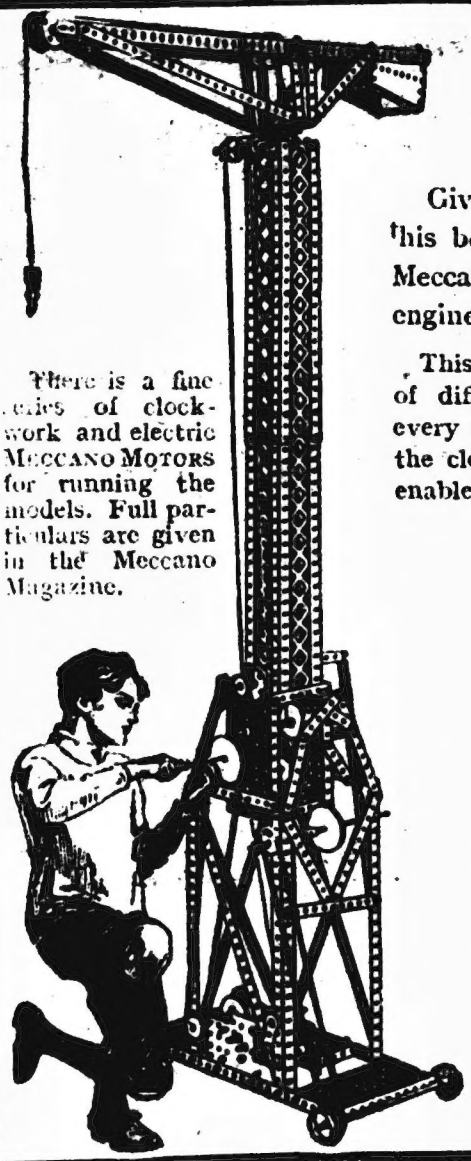
Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

The Engineering Way

Give your boy Meccano—then he can make some real fun for himself by building this beautiful Crane. He can play with it for days. It is on sound engineering lines, Meccano lines, and it works perfectly. It teaches him unforgettable facts about great engineering masterpieces, and makes him try to go on building and learn more.

This model can be taken to pieces and the same parts used for building any of the hundreds of different models shown in the copyright Manual of Instructions which goes free with every outfit. The Meccano patented parts are so well thought out that by simply following the clear instructions in the Manual any boy can build models *without study*. These parts also enable him to invent new models.

There is a fine series of clockwork and electric MECCANO MOTORS for running the models. Full particulars are given in the Meccano Magazine.



MECCANO

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MECCANO Ltd., Binns Rd., LIVERPOOL

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